

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR."

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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A ROMANCE OF MODERN DAYS.

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CHAPTER X. MAKING A SENSATION.

LADY ROOKWOOD'S ball was one of the most fashionable and best conducted entertainments, though she and her husband had nothing to do with the very fast section of the aristocracy. Lord Rookwood was said to be led by his wife, but it would appear that she led him well. She liked celebrities, and through the Farrants Lady Rookwood had heard of the Winskells, and she had determined to see for herself whether the reported beauty of the Princess were true. Hence the call and the invitation. The Rookwoods were much attached to their cousins the Bethunes, and Forster, having found out that Philip had come to forward his sister's début, had procured invitations for Clytie and her brother.

Clytie Gillbanks had been educated in Brighton and Paris, and she had just returned from the latter city. She was very handsome, and very unlike her brother, and now she had dragged a shy, delicate aunt to town, and had insisted on Philip's coming with them and using his influence with his college friend to procure her an entrance into society. Clytie knew that money ought to unlock every door, so why should she not enjoy the great wealth her father had amassed by a fortunate invention, even if there were no blue blood in the veins of the Gillbanks? Her brother had always been allowed to do as he liked, and why should she not have her turn,

when nothing but courage and hard work were necessary for success?

Clytie was very dark, with dark eyes, black hair, and olive complexion. She and Philip had nothing in common, as he was incapable of being worldly, but on his side he was an affectionate brother, craving for a sympathy which Clytie could not give. She was her own centre, her own object in life, and the sudden increase of wealth had early crushed any higher qualities which hard work might have developed.

This evening she was very proud of her success, as she found herself distinctly sought after at the ball; she was too much occupied with her partners to notice the Bethunes, who had come late, and to whom Philip was longing to introduce her, as if the fact of knowing such unworldly people would counterbalance Clytie's natural tendencies.

Clytie had just secured an admiring young Lord Harvey, and was at the height of her happiness, when she became conscious of a counter attraction. Lord Harvey had twice stuck an eye-glass into his left eye to gaze at somebody.

"Ah, yes. By the way, do you know the lady Lord Rookwood has just danced with? I saw her come in. Awfully pretty girl! There is your brother speaking to her, so he must know her."

Soon after Philip came up to his sister with a radiant expression on his face.

"Clytie, isn't it strange? My Princess is here. You know the lady of the mysterious glen I wrote to you about? She is causing quite a sensation by her beauty."

"Oh," said Clytie, smiling a little scornfully; "that make-believe Princess. How ridiculous!"

"Make-believe! I heard Lord Rookwood himself introduce her as the Princess of Rothery. I assure you the Duke is in his element, and looks like one of the old French nobility, just as he did in that queer Palace."

"But these Winskells are not in the peerage, for I looked for them," returned Clytie, laughing. Her laugh was short and unnatural.

"But you can see for yourself that she is every inch a Princess. No, that big lady is hiding her."

Clytie's next partner claimed her.

Her brother now found himself near Miss Bethune, who said:

"Do tell me about this new beauty my cousin has found. They call her the Princess, and Forster says you know her."

Adela's partner was waiting for her, but she would hear Philip's answer.

"The family name is Winskell. A very old family in the north, I believe. For some splendid bravery an ancestor was called 'the King of Rothery,' and their titles have descended in the family. They live in a Palace, and I was entertained there last year when I lost my way in the mountains."

"How delightfully romantic! I must get Forster to admire her."

Philip Gillbanks was quite raised in general estimation, because he knew the beautiful stranger whom no other person present had ever seen before. Some one said she was a foreigner because some one else had said so. A few declared decidedly that they had never heard of the title, but they received as answer to this statement that it was a Dutch name. There were several noble Dutch families settled somewhere, who had come over with the Dutch William. Her uncle was the Duke of Greybarrow. The nationality did not matter, as they could both speak English. From that evening dated the question asked so often during that short season:

"Have you seen the Princess?"

Clytie Gillbanks lost the chance of being the reigning belle that evening, and she was secretly very much displeased. She put it down to Philip's fault. He always was so stupid, and never did anything for his own advantage or for the advancement of his family.

Philip, however, was, for his part, very happy. He had been so much taken by surprise that he had hardly dared to make himself known to Penelope. Only it hap-

pened that the Duke recognised him and approached him.

"I am very glad to meet you again, Mr. Gillbanks. You see I have brought my niece to show her what a London season is like. We have taken a house in Eaton Square. Come and speak to Penelope. I think your friend Mr. Bethune is here. You must introduce me. I knew his grandfather."

Philip followed the Duke, who found Penelope, near Mrs. Todd, surrounded by a group of men. He would have liked to find her alone, for he had often recalled her with surroundings very different from these. Now she was dressed in some beautiful material of pale blue. Her face—so like a picture of Mrs. Siddons, without any sign of weakness—was far more animated than he remembered it. She seemed almost farther off from him here than in the Palace, even with the formality with which she there had hedged herself round.

Penelope had soon learnt one lesson well—to hide the feelings of the moment. She even smiled at Philip, as if she were glad to see him.

"I hope you found your way safely out of our dale without further trouble?"

"Yes, but I often wished myself back again," said poor Philip, stumbling a little over the words. "If I might come and tell you the end of my experiences, I—"

Lord Harvey had managed to get an introduction, and now came to stop Philip's conversation.

"My uncle will be glad to see you," said Penelope, smiling; "do come."

She had learnt that society expects you to appear to welcome everybody.

She was gone, but Forster found his friend still looking after the favourite beauty.

"Forster, do you see her? Isn't she beautiful? You see everybody thinks so. It was not my imagination, as you suggested last year."

"What, the girl with the sham title? It's bad enough when people are forced to inherit their fathers' titles, but, if you need not do that, imagine adopting one! Which is she?"

"She is dressed in blue. There she is, dancing with Lord Harvey."

"Ah!" said Forster, surprised in spite of himself. "Well, she is not quite ordinary, certainly, and she does not look stupid. Has she any right ideas of making herself popular among her own people?"

"I don't know; they must admire and love her; but come along, I'll introduce you to her when that foolish fellow lets her alone."

A little later Forster was talking to Penelope and the Duke of Greybarrow. His perfect ease of manner, born of simplicity, and his quick, enthusiastic replies, made Penelope listen to him with pleasure. She thought she had never yet met a man who was so devoid of false ideas. He did not begin by paying her compliments, indeed she was a little surprised because he did not seem to be in the least conscious of her beauty.

"My friend Gillbanks has told me about his losing his way in your mountains. I sent him on that expedition, so I feel partly answerable for his blunders, but——"

"I have never reproached you," said Philip, smiling, his face showing that he was only too grateful for Forster's advice.

"Your grandfather was a friend of mine," said the Duke, turning to Forster; "he was of course my elder, but we youngsters thought him a very fine fellow."

"He was an inveterate gambler," said Forster, smiling, "so we have to thank him for depriving us of a good deal of surplus coin. Sometimes I wish he had acted differently."

"Yes, indeed," said Penelope, with a little sigh, "if one could force one's ancestors to——"

"Oh, I don't mind much; it was chiefly for other people. Our club could spend it easily; and there would be less need of so-called charity, which is hideous."

"That depends on how it is administered," put in Philip.

"Perhaps; anyhow, I seldom find it well administered. I have a sort of room down in Wansley, one of the most populous of our London parishes, and there our members try cases every Saturday evening."

"Try cases?" asked Penelope, looking with pleasure at the face before her. She understood now why Mr. Gillbanks had quoted his friend. He possessed in a very strange degree the power of attracting others, without being conscious of the fact.

"Yes, any poor man may come and plead his cause, showing reason why he is poor and where the fault has been. They usually put it down to the aristocracy, but the selected members of the club are

very keen questioners. It really is an education to hear these cases tried, but ladies are not admitted, and they would hardly appreciate the atmosphere."

Forster's voice was very musical, his enthusiasm was expressed in no unpleasant manner.

"I heard you had very strange ideas," said Penelope. "Do you really appreciate all—those people? Don't you think our lives should be passed among our own equals?"

"My niece is a thorough-going Conservative," said the Duke, smiling.

"Many women are till they see with their own eyes. Where's Adela? You should talk to her."

"Every person has his own special aim in life," said the Princess slowly, because she wished Forster to go on talking.

She did not notice that Philip kept his eyes on her, and that his face expressed supreme admiration.

"Often his own specially selfish aims," said Forster.

"I suppose every one understands that word differently," answered Penelope; but now the Princess was claimed by another distinguished guest. Lord Rookwood was making himself popular by freely introducing the new beauty.

"Come with me, Philip, I want you to talk to Adela about an expedition for the club. My cousin will lend me the grounds of her house at Richmond. I wish our place was not so far from town. My mother is getting sleepy—I am not surprised—so we shall not stay very long. Come and see us to-morrow and bring your sister with you."

Forster found that Philip, instead of being bored, was anxiously looking at the Princess, and was not angry with Clytie when she said that she must stay as late as possible.

Presently Forster, finding himself in a position from which he could see Miss Winskell, stopped a moment. His eyes rested on her slender neck and on her exquisitely shaped head; then he looked at Philip, thinking to himself:

"I dare say, that would be a good match for her, but Philip is too good for her, though evidently he admires her immensely. She is as proud as Lucifer, I expect, not the wife for such a splendid fellow. I'll try and keep him with me this week, and she will soon be overwhelmed by all this society whirl. Luckless girl, but she will like it."

CHAPTER XI. A GARDEN PARTY.

A WEEK after the ball Forster was suddenly announced to the Rookwoods whilst they were at breakfast. That day they happened to be alone.

His fine forehead; picturesque hair; large, sparkling eyes; clean, well-cut chin; and sensitive mouth, gave him somewhat the look of an actor, without an actor's unmistakable self-consciousness. Forster Bethune was often noticed in a crowd, and it was, perhaps, his good looks which made him popular with people who abhorred his principles. Lord Rookwood, for instance, had no modern advanced ideas about labour and the working classes, but he seldom refused Forster's requests. He prided himself on a certain stability of mind which utterly prevented him from being led away by every new idea. If he ever discussed Forster's eccentricities, which he seldom did with patience, he would say: "Bethune is a very extraordinary fellow; clever, of course, but bitten by the most extravagant socialistic ideas. He hates his own class, and dabbles in philanthropy."

Forster had a supreme contempt for what was said of him, though personally he bore no ill will to the blasphemers. He would listen to the repeated hearsays of himself with a quaint smile on his lips, and the least little shrug of his broad shoulders; then, if he did not laugh outright, he usually plunged into some irrelevant subject in which he was just then specially interested.

"Rookwood, how late you are," he exclaimed, with a smile on his lips; "but it's lucky for me. How do you bear this hard work, Cousin Emily?"

"I am sure you want something or you would not favour us with a visit," said his cousin.

"Well, yes, I want to know if you will let me have your Richmond garden for a cabmen's social gathering. It's difficult to manage because the men are frightfully overworked. Not the master cabmen, but those who work for the big men. It's abominable the number of hours they have to be on the road."

"My dear Forster, you say that of every one," said Lord Rookwood, smiling. "There isn't a trade that, according to you, isn't down-trodden. Work is a very good thing, and it's my opinion that the lower classes are ruining themselves and us by their idleness."

Forster frowned.

"Idleness! I wish you would do the day's work of some I know. But it isn't the work they complain of, only the want of it. We ought to be ashamed of it for them. If any of us idle fellows——"

"I'm not idle by any means! We are fast approaching the time when there will be no liberty, and when a man may not enjoy his own in peace, but only that which he can manage to take from his neighbour. What good will be gained to the populace when charity is dead, killed by robbers?"

"Rookwood, you don't understand; you just repeat the jargon of the upper classes. It isn't your fault, they all do it, but I wish you would come and spend a week at our club."

"Pshaw! Come and spend a week at one of my labourers' cottages at Hawkslea, and see if you have anything to complain of."

"I complain of your having three estates, you know, Rookwood. A man can't enjoy more than a certain amount of land or money, after that all surplus merely adds to his cares. We shall have to come to some arrangement some day and then——"

"Pure moonshine all that talk—but about our grounds! Pray how many cabs are to be driven through the gardens?"

"Oh, Jack dear," put in his wife, "of course Forster means well, and Richards will see that no damage is done."

"And he will expect an immediate increase in his wages for entertaining roughs. These gardens are a beastly expense as it is."

"And you are there about six weeks in the year," said Forster with the bright smile, which always charmed Lady Rookwood in spite of herself, and annoyed his lordship because he knew he could not withstand it long.

"Come, Jack, you know it's no use quarrelling with Forster. You may as well write a note to Richards for him, and if any damage is done——"

"You'll let them have some flowers," put in Forster, "won't you? The wives, I mean, like flowers. You see, half the time your flowers are merely grown to delight Richards's eyes, and these people value even a faded geranium immensely."

"I don't pay gardener's wages for your cab-drivers' benefits, Forster. By the way, have you heard that there is likely to be a dissolution?"

"Oh, please don't begin to talk of politics," said Lady Rookwood; "you will fight

even more over them than you do over the cabmen! Forster won't take any side, so you get no chance of crowing over him, which seems half the fun you get out of politics. Do tell me, Forster, have you seen anything more of the beautiful and mysterious Princess? She made such a sensation at the ball, and I hear she is asked everywhere. That uncle of hers is a very clever and delightful man."

Forster's face brightened up.

"Yes, indeed, I have seen a good deal of her. My friend Gillbanks is there constantly. We have made her promise to come to Richmond, if you will allow your gardens to be——"

"Oh! then you have also gone in for her society, Forster," said Lady Rookwood laughing. "She is the rage. I hear that Lord Harvey is bent on marrying her, but evidently her Royal Highness is not soft-hearted."

"She is a very beautiful woman, and I believe she could be persuaded to devote herself to the work."

"Oh, nonsense, Forster, she is a very worldly young Princess, I believe. I hear it said that she means to make a great match."

"That's the horrid way you women talk of each other. Now, Cousin Emily, mayn't I invite you to your own gardens to join our select lady visitors? I assure you, you will enjoy our day immensely. We shall have a ball, and you can lead off——"

"With the chief cab-driver?"

"Yes! he would talk of it for the rest of his life. Miss Winkell will be quite at home on grass. Gillbanks says the family live in the wildest glen imaginable."

Lord Rookwood, having finished his kidneys, was feeling less irritable, especially as the talk had turned on pretty women.

"Well, Emily, why shouldn't we all go to Richmond that day if there is nothing better or worse to do? At all events, I should save the flower-beds from being stripped."

"I don't suppose you would be wanted," said Lady Rookwood smiling.

"Oh, yes, Rookwood, do come; you will be most useful explaining the foreign ferns and plants to our men."

"Thank you. Shall I be paid for working overtime? Well, yes, I think I will come for my own sake, though I hate this masquerading between the classes. You know both poor and rich are suspicious of each other."

"That's just it; but really it is only ignorance. There, I shall consider this a settled thing. We shall be a jolly party. Adela and Dora are coming. Mary has to take part in a symphony that day, though I tried to get her to fiddle for some dancing on your lawns."

"Poor Mary! She must have turned blue with indignation. Don't you know, Forster, that that sister of yours is considered one of the best amateur musicians in London?"

"Why should that prevent her playing simple dance music?"

"She thinks music is too divine to be dragged down to vulgar uses."

"Then Miss Winkell and Mrs. Todd, her companion, are coming, and Philip brings his sister."

"She is quite a typical 'nouvelle riche,' and gives herself no end of airs," said Lady Rookwood.

"But she is a fine woman," said her husband.

"I wish, Jack, you wouldn't talk of women as if they were all set out in a row for you to award them prizes for their beauty," answered Lady Rookwood, who was decidedly plain, though she was bright and clever.

"Well, I'm off," said Forster. "I'm going to meet Gillbanks, and to consult with him about provisions, now that we have the garden."

"You pauperise these people! Some day you'll be sorry for it," said his cousin.

"No, we don't. Our cabmen pay their expenses, and I know that in order to do it some of them will have to exercise much self-denial."

"Do you patronise the thieves, too?" said Lord Rookwood, not expecting the answer he got.

"The young ones, yes. Poor fellows, they have been very exemplary lately, but now and then they take their fling for the sake of the profession."

"Forster! you ought to be put in prison yourself. That's the only safe place for aristocrats of your sort."

"I hate the word; pray don't use it."

"How do you reconcile your conscience to the riches of your friend?" put in Lady Rookwood, laughing. "I hear that Mr. Gillbanks is extremely rich, and that he is considered a good match for penniless daughters. His sister will be sure to marry well for the same reason; but according to you, Forster, Mr. Gillbanks ought to have parted with all his money long ago."

"I don't keep Philip's conscience; besides, he has an idea that it is nobler to spend money well than to divest yourself of it. He is wrong, but some day I dare say——"

"Poor deluded disciple!" said Lord Rookwood. "Well, I am off to the club."

"You'll put down the engagement, Cousin Emily?"

"Put what down?"

"Our Richmond party. I'll see about boats for the men. Philip is paymaster that day, so you will see the princely style in which everything is done. Money is a useful commodity when it falls into such hands as his. Good-bye. I'll walk with Rookwood as far as his club."

Later on in the day, after the two friends had spent much time in organising their cabmen's party, Philip said hesitatingly:

"Let's come and see that the Princess has remembered her promise to us. You know she is now asked everywhere."

Forster assented. When with Miss Winskell he was himself conscious of being in the society of a woman of no ordinary character, and certainly of no ordinary beauty. He pictured her as being in the future one of the leaders of his reforms. His brain, teeming with ideas, was ever willing to imagine that all those he met would one day take part in his work; for up to this time he had never been in love except with his own half visionary ideas.

To-day, as he and Philip sauntered towards Eaton Square, he had no more idea of any special attraction than he had of converting his cousin Rookwood to socialism. Indeed, when he thought of the Princess, it was with the idea that Philip was in danger of being smitten with the girl's beauty.

Mrs. Todd was standing by the window, talking very volubly to Penzie. Her talk referred chiefly to the gossip of society, but she still could not understand her charge. The mixture of worldliness, pride, and simplicity was beyond her reckoning, but she had not the key to the strong character which a better and a nobler ambition might have moulded very differently.

"Is Miss Winskell at home?" said Forster absently, wondering if he could persuade the belle of the season to set up a convalescent home in her beautiful glen, whilst Philip was suddenly seized with shyness at the bare idea of approaching his divinity, and hardly knew what to say

when he found himself face to face with her in the pretty drawing-room. However, he unfortunately fell to the share of Mrs. Todd, and could only cast sideways glances at Penelope.

She herself was glad to see the two friends, for Mrs. Todd's company always made her feel sad, reminding her that she was in reality a prisoner. But Forster's presence seemed to do away with all such feelings, and Penzie was happy as she sat listening to him, even though she disagreed with most of his sentiments. On his side, Forster explained all their plans, and began to assure the Princess that her presence would give extreme pleasure to the weary and overworked cabmen.

"My uncle says it is wrong to mix oneself up with the lower orders. They do not understand us at all, and only take liberties," she said when he paused.

Forster's eyes kindled with indignation; and then, as he looked at Penelope, a new feeling suddenly entered his heart. He pitied this girl, brought up in narrow grooves and without true sympathy for her fellow creatures.

"I won't be angry with you," he said, calming down, and one of the smiles which always won him the hearts of the poor and often of their oppressors lighted up his face. "But you must promise me that for that afternoon at least you will let me show you that the gulf between rich and poor is not so deep and wide as you seem to think."

Penelope shook her head.

"I shall find nothing to say to your common people."

"But, indeed, if you only listen to them," put in Philip, "they will be delighted."

"And in time you will do more than listen, Miss Winskell," added Forster, whilst the earnestness of his tone brought a smile to Penzie's lips. "You will soon see that our life is not complete unless we find a meeting point with their lives."

"I think all that sounds well, but, indeed, you must not think that I could ever do these people any good."

"Yes, you could do much. We want such women as you to help us. I am soon going to take up my manual work, and I shall be proud to feel that by doing it I shall be learning some of the secrets of a labourer's existence."

"What work do you mean?"

"I am going to learn to be a farmer, so as to know really what tilling entails."

"Oh, don't do that," said Penzie, thinking of her father and brother, "it degrades even one who is nobly born."

"But I shall enjoy it. My ancestors have been settled on our land for many years, and the family likes to boast of it, but I can truly say that we know really nothing of the life of the labourers. Now, on my farm I shall do as the labourers do, and see with their eyes. Then I shall be able to help my London friends by getting them to come and see what toil means. It is the land which teaches all true lessons."

"Your powers will be wasted," said Penzie, still smiling. "I mean also to go back to my home, but I shall——"

She stopped, wondering why she wanted to tell Forster her private affairs, and why she felt inclined to make him acquainted with all her hopes and her ambition.

Philip at last got his turn, but he felt that he could only make stupid remarks, which did not interest the Princess as Forster's words had done, even though the subject was identical and the aim the same.

When the friends went away, Forster was the first to speak.

"Philip, your Princess is a wonderful woman. If one could make her see things properly she would be a power in the land. She has a soul above that of the ordinary pretty girl."

"Yes, isn't she perfect?"

"She has capabilities. Besides, she is certainly very beautiful. Did you notice how easily the colour comes into her cheeks and how her eyes flash? But her pride is of the wrong sort, inordinate pride of birth."

Philip glanced at his friend, and a sudden chill seemed to creep over him. Never before had he heard Forster remark upon the personal charms of any woman as if he were in the least personally interested. But no, it was impossible, Forster would not easily fall in love, and if he did his wife would not be a proud aristocrat, one of the class he thoroughly despised.

Thrusting away this idea, Philip Gillbanks threw all his energies into the Richmond party. If money could make it perfect there should be no stint. He was so glad to further his friend's plans. Forster never wanted anything for himself, though at times, for the sake of others, he made large calls on Philip's bounty.

When the day dawned, Philip found that he thought more of the Princess than of the cabmen. Indeed, when the whole company

was assembled on the beautiful lawns sloping down to the water, it was the Princess Philip looked at, not at the Rookwoods nor at his own fashionable-looking sister Clytie, who was much elated at being in such distinguished society, even though she had to accept it mixed up with Mr. Bethune's stupid cabmen. She talked rather loud and tried to patronise Penelope, but meeting only a polite but freezing reception, she had to content herself with Mrs. Todd or with the Duke when he was available.

"Come, Miss Winskell," said Forster, when he had seen his friends all seated at a splendid repast provided by Philip, "I want you to make the acquaintance of some of my club men. They are helpers to-day, learning to give as well as to receive. Miss Gillbanks I see is pouring out tea. How well she gets on with the men; and Philip is a host in himself. If I were to be asked to point out the best and most generous man in London, I should say it was Philip Gillbanks; and now I owe him a debt of gratitude for having introduced me to you."

The two were sauntering down a shady walk, at the end of which six young men were occupied in cutting sandwiches for those who were going in the pleasure boats.

As Penzie followed Forster, she began to experience the strange attractive power he undoubtedly possessed, and which made him so eminently fitted to be a leader, but her pride rebelled at the same moment that she recognised the fact.

"Mr. Gillbanks is of course compensated by your friendship," she said a little scornfully.

"You are cynical because you don't understand his goodness. Gillbanks has no thought of personal reward I assure you. I could tell you many stories of his pluck and of his unselfishness."

"He merely follows you," she said softly, "he said so."

"That's only Gillbanks's way of putting it. He can inspire people to become heroes, then he pretends they were their own seers. He believes you can help us in our work. Of course I know that now your time is very much taken up, but after the season is over——"

"I shall have other work," said Penzie, almost regretfully, for Forster's words stirred up in her visions of many possibilities. But she was now only bent on one object.

"Look how those young men work with a will," said Forster, turning the conversation. "Won't you say something to them?"

In spite of herself Penelope obeyed him. She spoke a few words, and smilingly she took up a knife and began to cut bread and butter. Forster had set the example, and, with the easy grace which always distinguished him, he talked on as if to one of his own people.

"When this is done, come and help us to wait," he said, after a time, and turning to Penelope he added, "Indeed, Miss Winskell, you must not do any more."

The young men's smiles showed that they were pleased, for Forster had the power of attracting the most raw material.

"Do you really like them?" said Penzie as they walked back. "I should do it all from a sense of duty if I did it at all, not because I cared for them."

"You must care for them. The feeling comes in spite of oneself. When Philip Gillbanks succeeds to his father's works he is going to be a model employer, and he will become a true socialist."

Penzie shrank a little from the idea of the model "nouveau riche." Forster was different. He could do these things perhaps because they amused him, not because of any hidden principle.

"Money cannot do everything for a man," she said, raising her head a little.

"Of course not, but money is a power which some few people can wield. Most persons allow it to rule them. You will see that my cousin is really rather unhappy to-day, though my friends will do him and his garden no harm."

Forster laughed as he said this, and, taking a short cut, he soon appeared once more among the assembled men.

"Now, Rookwood, you must make a speech," said Forster, putting his hand on his cousin's shoulder. "The men are expecting it. Get the House of Lords out of your mind, or rather no, give us a replica of your last utterance, it will please them immensely."

Lady Rookwood came to her husband's help.

"Tell them you are glad they are enjoying themselves."

"Hang it. I can't. It's too bad, Forster, to take my garden and then to make me perjure myself! You know I disapprove entirely of your cant."

"Philip, Miss Winskell has been cutting

sandwiches, and the men will talk of it for a year," said Forster, not answering his injured cousin.

"How very good of you," said Philip. "We are now going to reward their exertions by letting them row us on the river. I have a boat ready fitted up for ladies."

"How very sweet!" said Mrs. Todd, and Clytie remarked that she was glad that they also were going to have some reward.

When metaphorically brought to the water Lord Rookwood did drink; in other words he made a short and very kindly speech, which the men applauded, and they further shocked his sense of propriety by striking up, "For he's a jolly good fellow." To Penzie's surprise, she noticed that Forster joined in, and then he began to collect the various water parties which Philip had arranged.

That evening Penzie could not remember what was said and done on the water. She knew that Mr. Gillbanks had done everything in a princely style, but the only part of the day which the Princess recollected with pleasure, was the short walk she had with Forster Bethune. His face seemed to be continually appearing before her mind. She did not know why she should think of him—she did not even ask herself the question—but she sat for a long time by her open window, dreaming as she never dreamed before.

THE OLD ROAD TO SOUTHAMPTON.

At the once famous corner, where the two great western roads divide, just out of Hounslow Town, we follow the one to the left, saluted by the trumpets of the gallant Hussars in the barracks close by. An autumnal mist hangs over the landscape, and autumnal tints are spread over the wide fields, where there is more room for their display upon acres of cabbages, marrows, and other succulent vegetables, than on the scanty foliage of the trees.

Bedfont is the first break in the monotony of the road, where a momentary interest is excited by the sight of the curious yaw-trees in the churchyard, which, according to tradition, were trimmed into the shape of fighting cocks by some sporting parson of a former century, who thus sought to alleviate the gloomy influences of the place. And was not the "Black Dog" at Bedfont the favoured rendezvous

of the coaching men of an earlier generation? Here the B.D.C., or Bensington Driving Club, had its head-quarters, and the quiet, sleepy village would be all alive with four-in-hand drags steered by the choice spirits of the coaching ring. An earlier record shows how, one September evening in 1768, just at this spot, Bedford lane end, the stage coach from Exeter was stopped by a dashing highwayman, "well mounted on a bay horse with a switch tail." Whatever we may think of the morality of the proceeding, it was a deed of desperate courage, single-handed to arrest the great lumbering machine with its four or six horses; its dozen or so of passengers, many of whom must have been armed; and to put all under contribution. But the guard was a resolute fellow, too, and levelling his blunderbuss, he discharged a shower of balls at the bold highwayman, who fell dead from his horse, which galloped off nobody knew whither. There would be some compassion among the female passengers for this fine young fellow, wrapped in a handsome drab surtout, who lay welling out his life-blood in the dust; but the men doubtless pronounced him "well served," and his body was dragged off to the "Bell Inn," close by. Thence, according to received tradition, it was carried away in a hearse, and by six horses; while a weeping lady, closely veiled, followed in a mourning coach.

But we shall meet with plenty of highwaymen further on, and may push on for Staines Bridge, time out of mind the chief crossing place of the Thames for those stepping westwards. So that, as a matter of precaution whenever there was danger apprehended from the west, Staines Bridge would be broken down to hinder its passage. In later ages it was chiefly dreaded on account of its toll-bar, which there were no means of doubling round or avoiding. There was always a fight among the toll contractors at the periodical auction for the farming of the tolls at Staines Bridge, and all kinds of queer dodges were resorted to for getting the best of an opponent. The leviathan of the latter-day coaching roads was one "Joshua," a Yorkshire lad from Leeds, who by himself and his nominees controlled most of the coaching roads from Land's End to John o' Groats, and who made a special strategic point of Staines Bridge. Its importance may be judged by referring to any of the old road books of the coaching times, which show coaches

to Winchester, Southampton, Salisbury, Exeter, Dorchester, Plymouth, Penzance, with many other stages and waggons for these and intermediate towns, and add to these the constant rumbling and jolting of postchaises, phaetons, gigs, and tax carts, the continuous rattle of wheels and clatter of hoofs by night and day, and judge if the toll collector on Staines Bridge could have had a happy life, with his hand against every man's and detested even more than the highwayman.

But there is no toll-bar to annoy us now, and we may rattle over Staines Bridge with a glance at the river, which is not at its best just here, but embanked and tidied up, looks brighter than it used to do in that middle period when gasometers and factories were the only prominent objects. And now we are in Egham, and just the crossing of the shining river seems to have landed us, like Bunyan's pilgrims, in a new and more blessed country. Here we have hill and dale, and hanging woods, rich in the dying loveliness of their foliage, with lawns and gardens, and terraces suffused with crimson and gold. Egham is passed, pretty but inconsiderable, with "Cooper's Hill" on the right, crowned by the buildings of the Engineering College. If "majestic Denham," the poet of "Cooper's Hill," could revisit these glimpses of the moon, he might point with some pride to the realisation of the prophetic passage in his famed description of "Thames, the most lov'd of all the Ocean's sons," who, in his god-like bounty,

Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants.

From Cooper's Hill you look down on Runnymede, on Magna Charta Island and the windings of the Thames, where the towers of Windsor rise proudly above, and the antique spires of Eton, all embraced in a setting of mingled forest and plain, the plain as Denham describes it, perhaps too majestically,

Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives.

But our road avoids the hills and winds pleasantly along past Englefield Green, and then, leaving the sunny, open country, passes into what seems to be a noble forest glade; and, indeed, we are now in the purlieus of the great forest of Windsor; and although, technically, the district was disafforested some centuries ago, yet it is now, perhaps, more forest than ever, in the

sense in which a forest is a woodland scene. Nothing finer could you have in the way of a forest drive than this, with the solemn arcades of its pine-woods, the stretches of golden bracken, the dying richness of all the wild forest growth.

There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts, And there is the most pleasant hush and stillness over everything, while the fragrance of pine-wood and bracken flavour the crisp air of autumn.

"You don't ketch me often along down here, not much. You look for me atop of a tram, along by Westminster Bridge Road, that's where you have me!" And then a loud laugh in which other voices join, but with more constraint. "Yes, I 'spect you'll find this too quiet for you, 'Liza, after what you've been used to."

And here we have Eliza on the wood-crowned height, and this is her estimate of its advantages. But Eliza is clearly coming home on a holiday visit, and desires to impress her sister and another—an old sweetheart, perhaps—with a sense of the change that has come over her. It is a shock to her to find Lubin looking so countrified, and her sister, too, in her queer little cape and limp-looking skirts. Perhaps Lubin, too, is disenchanted. Is this the bright, rosy-cheeked lass whom I kissed so fondly, and who wept on my bosom as we parted, this tall young woman in the leg-of-mutton sleeves and frilled shirt-front?

But Eliza and Lubin are lost to sight in a turn of the road, and presently we are in sight of the famous old "Wheatsheaf," shining white and cheerful against its surroundings of dark forest. There, by the porch, among other autumn leaves, flutters the announcement of the usual end of season sale of the "Virginia Water" coach horses. For here is winter coming upon us, the coaches are knocking off, and the railway boards are exhibiting "Last Excursion of the season" bills. But we are very well here, nevertheless. Summer, autumn, spring, or winter never finds the forest lacking in charm.

A little beyond the "Wheatsheaf" is a wicket gate that gives access to Virginia Water, and a hundred yards or so through a thicket of evergreens brings us to the margin of this sweet retired lake. Just now it is a scene of marvellous beauty, for the trees are fully clothed in all the mysterious tints of autumn; and the placid lake, embosomed in woods, reflects the rich colouring of its tufted banks, which rise

from height to height in charming gradation of colour.

Here would be another surprise for Sir John Denham's ghost, who naturally would know nothing about Virginia Water, for it was not in existence what time he was in possession of his corporeal substance. Yet the name is well known to him, as that of a stream here flowing out of the forest, and there was also a Virginia Gate close by, so that the name was not invented for the occasion of making the lake, which feat was accomplished by the Duke of Cumberland, soon after the crowning victory of Culloden. Nature, we may say, has fully adopted the human handiwork, and has made of it in this autumn-time one of the fairest scenes to be witnessed on this earth of ours.

Not as much can be said for the cascade which we soon pass upon the road, for there is but a ha'porth of water to an unconscionable deal of stone, and rocks do not jump on each other quite in the fashion in which they are here piled by the landscape gardener. But after this the way through the forest is all one delicious pine-scented track, hedged with the gold of the dying bracken or the faded rose tints of the heather, till we come out upon the commonplace world at Shrubshill, with the compensation of wider views of a grand broken country of hill and dale, closed in by summits of quite portentous blackness and gloom.

Then the road crosses the railway close to Sunningdale Station, and a few dozen yards further on stands a milestone with the inscription: "23 Miles from Hyde Park Corner." On the left opens out a bridle-path over the heath, that looks wild enough in its contours, although now mostly enclosed and cultivated, and it is a path that is well worth following, leading into the heart of the wild country of heaths and downs, scored by ancient entrenchments, some of vast extent, and also by the delving and digging of the modern sapper, what time the camp of Chobham stirred up our military susceptibilities, not long before the notable Crimean War.

But the western highway lies before us still with the appearance of a wide forest track, yet wide and of a pleasant yellow tint, with a broad footway at the side. It stretches out in view for miles in long swathes, up and down, like the undulations of some vast ocean, but straight as it is there is

Variety which all the rest endears.

On one side are wild-looking hills, on the

other nurseries and plantations, with every variety of tree and shrub; while at places the road assumes the appearance of a majestic avenue, with rows of forest trees on either hand. In early summer the scene is brightened by the gay tints of acres of flowering shrubs; but autumn is almost better for the splendid show of conifers, which keeps up its bravery for all the winter long. Most strange and beautiful forms of every known species almost of the great family of the fir tribe are here, from the rude, majestic mountain pine to the deodora with its velvet-like masses of foliage, and all growing with health and freedom. Beautiful, too, are the birches, that grow to big trees, with their delicate foliage now all splashed with gold; while beeches tinged with russet red, and the dark firs with their ruddy boles, make an effective background to the whole. Between the trees we have glimpses of fields, paddocks, gardens, and pleasant country houses, while substantial pillar letter-boxes at short intervals remind us that here is no forest wild, but a city in a desert, like that our poet foresaw.

The road is not to say deserted, for at every quarter of a mile or so you meet a little group of wayfarers—a man with a prison crop and a basket half-filled with crockery; a woman with baskets to sell, while another, lone-looking and wretched, is gathering dead sticks, and fallen acorns, and beech mast. A lean man in an American buggy is driving a naked-looking trotter, the butcher and baker go past at speed. And now through the trees one hears a piano, and a vibrant female voice, that sings one of the melancholy songs of the period. It is a powerful voice, for it comes from the pretty white villa screened behind the trees, whose open windows let in the crisp morning air and let out the flood of song.

A little further there is a finger-post, which is evidently new and up to date. No need to scramble up that post and try to light a match, one dark, windy night, to read that inscription. "A mile and a half," says one arm in distinct characters, "to Sunningdale"; the same measure, in another direction, to Windlesham; and a third arm points the way we should go, and for a like distance, to reach Bagshot. For the whole mile and a half from Sunningdale there is no tavern or roadside inn, and that on an old coaching road is a pretty clear indication of what a desert track this was before the railway age. Bat

here is one at last, the "Windmill," at the cross-roads. Doubtless there was a real windmill on the hill long ago, and a gibbet, too, probably not far off, with a dead highwayman swinging dolefully in the wind.

Still the road stretches on in pleasant graceful fashion—a real forest road with rural scenes let in. Now we have a vast ploughed field, where men and horses, grouped together in picturesque fashion, are taking their midday refreshment, with ploughs and huge rollers and big machines of various kinds scattered around. And we have pastures, too, and the tinkle of a cow bell as the leader of the herd turns this way or the other over the down. Then we come to a steep incline with a pleasant view of an old coaching inn at the foot, with its shiny bow windows and red-roofed stables, and a green in front with trees that shade the dusty highway. And this brings us to Bagshot Bridge, over a tiny ripple of water, and to Bagshot town on the slope of the hill. Here are inns in plenty, leading off with the "Three Mariners," the first indication we have met with of this being a seafaring track. Bagshot Park lies to the right; we passed two or three of its lodge gates, newly painted red, just before descending to the town. Here was a Royal seat, a hunting lodge for Tudors and Stuarts, and its present occupant is evident enough in the signs of the shops, most of which claim some special appointment to the Duke of Connaught.

Bagshot is a breezy, healthy little place, "ruined and desolated by railways," write the chroniclers of the forties and fifties; but that has since risen from its ashes, and with nice shops and quaint houses shows every sign of pleasant prosperity. Over the roofs of the little town show wild-looking hills, and a new red church is perched upon an adjoining eminence. Fine cedars shade the road; everywhere are trees, fine gardens, nurseries, shrubberies; and this is a district that, less than a century ago, was as bare and desolate as could be.

From Bagshot the road winds higher and higher, till you reach an inn of ancient fame, the "Golden Farmer," now renamed the "Jolly Farmer," although neither gold nor jollity is much in the farmer's way just now. But turning round, you will see what a strange, romantic spot this is, with its "horrid" ravine, as savage-looking as you please, while beyond are some of the

blackest looking hills you ever saw, rude, and weird, and solemn, with knobs here and there of awful blackness. In 1753, when a turnpike Act was passed for making that road to the left through Frimley and Farnham, the place is described as the "Golden Farmer." But in an earlier Act of 1727 the spot is described as the "Basingstone," near Bagshot; and a plan of Windsor Forest of the Stuart period shows the Basingstone on the present site of the "Farmer," with Winmore Cross close by, and a gibbet with a man hanging there on the side of the hill; so that the name probably attached to the inn between the two dates before mentioned, and tradition gives the following account of its origin.

Once upon a time the gloomy, desolate track leading to Winchester, Southampton, and the west was infested by a determined highwayman, who waylaid the best appointed carriages and horsemen, and made them stand and deliver. Gold he would have, and nothing else; bills and notes might go free for him; nor would he touch anything of personal belongings, such as watches, jewellery, and so on. This peculiarity, if it did not endear him to passers-by, anyhow acquired for him a certain distinction. People spoke of him as the golden highwayman. But the officers of the law could make nothing of him; he eluded all their researches, and vanished with the same suddenness as he appeared. At the same period flourished a farmer, who farmed some half-hundred acres of the not very fertile heathland. He had sheep also, no doubt, who grazed the wild pasture all round. But anyhow, at fair or market the young farmer was always to be found, buying or selling, with his sack full of money, and always paying in gold. In this way he became known as the Golden Farmer; when some clever runner from Bow Street, putting this and the other together, set a snare, and lo! the golden farmer and the highwayman were one and the same. And soon the golden one was swinging in the wind, and the farmhouse became an inn, with the sign to keep its former occupant in memory.

This is just the place for stories of highwaymen, and here is one, an early one, of this very place. Here we have "Robert Throgmorton, of an honourable, ancient, and worthy family; William Porter, also of cleare blood and respectable ancestors; and Bishop, of no lesse dignitie in birth, admiration of wit, and height of

courage." Living together in the city of London in wild, intemperate fashion, but united in the strictest bonds of brotherly affection, they exhaust their means, and to supply their wasteful courses they "go out upon the highway with good horses, good swords, and minds emptied of all vertue." Perhaps Shakespeare had these men in his mind when he makes Orlando say:

What! would'st thou have me go and beg my food,
Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?

Not far beyond Bagshot they overtook two citizens of London, "and one Smith, a marchant of Southampton," riding together. The marchant loiters behind, and Throgmorton and Porter dash up to the citizens, "and these, with affrighted humbleness, deliver up all they possess." The robbers then strip the bridles from the citizens' horses, and turn them loose, and are about to bind the citizens themselves, when they hear a cry for help from their comrade. Bishop had ridden up to the Southampton man, who had dismounted, and demanded his purse. But this last, being a man of courage, drew his sword, and bade the other "keep off." He would only part with his money with his life, and he fought with such determination that, closing with Bishop, he threw him to the ground and fell upon him. But now the robber's two comrades came running up, and Smith, thinking to gain his horse and escape, left the man whom he had held at his mercy, and spared; who rose in fury—the fury of a "gentleman" who has been "sat upon" by a stout merchant—pursued, and ran his man through the body.

The other two robbers are overwhelmed with grief and dismay at the sight of the foul deed. But they do not forget to take the dead man's money—three score and fifteen pounds—and then ride away. But by this time the two citizens left unbound have recovered their horses, and they ride after at a prudent distance, keeping their men in sight till, coming into a peopled country, they raise the hue and cry, which fly along the road, like the fiery cross, and presently the fugitives are surrounded and captured. The robbers had fled towards Oxford, and had crossed the Thames before they were captured, a chase of at least sixteen miles. They were imprisoned in Oxford Castle, but brought to Southwark for their trials at the assizes held on St. Margaret's Hill. Bishop spoke boldly for his comrades at the trial. "Moses," he said, "asks but

one for one. Therefore, let mercy be shown to these poor gentlemen, and let them not suffer for my deed, for I am the guilty man and none other." But no mercy was shown, and the three were hanged together. After death the bodies of Throgmorton and Porter were allowed honourable burial in the churchyard of St. George's, while Bishop's was hung up to feed the crows of Bagshot Heath.

Somewhere about here; where these two grim ancient stones stand on each side of the highway—fragments probably of the great monolith that stood here and marked the boundary of some ancient kingdom, the Basingstone of the old maps—it is startling to be accosted by a wild, gaunt figure above the common height of man, with a request to "help a labouring man along the road."

But the man is a good honest fellow in the way of an old navvy, who has trudged from Southampton, where he has been at work in the dock excavating line. This is Thursday, and he started on Monday with nothing to carry but himself and the clothes he wears, and yet leaving nothing behind. A cheery old bird he is too; sixty-seven and hard at work all his life; he has worked under the giant contractors of old, he goes on working under the pigmies of modern days. Many a load has he sent to the tip, many a cutting he has helped to dig, where now the trains whirl past laden with wealth and fashion. As for the road, he has not much to say about it, except that he found it a pretty dull piece between Basingstoke and Winchester.

It is rather encouraging to meet with some one who has actually come from Southampton this way. But bear in mind that at the "Golden Farmer" we have two routes open to us; one by Aldershot and Farnham, and so by Bentley, Alton—does anybody remember the Alton ale-houses and the sandwiches of old times?—and then by New Arlesford into the Itchen valley, a pleasant diversified line of country. But our way to the right between the grim Basingstones is the older way, and not to be beaten in wild romantic scenery.

Certainly the hills about here are the blackest you ever saw; and with a bit of storm looming over them they look quite demoniac. There are wild holt; by the way; but all with gas and water laid on, as the auctioneers' boards inform you; and then you suddenly tumble upon a

little town, half forest, and half smart new shops. It is Camberley, and hereabouts the lads from Sandhurst are very much in evidence. You see them at the station bareheaded, all but a friend with a bull-pup who is going off by train, and upon whom they recklessly pour in the floating literature of the bookstall. You meet them tramping across the country, looking very much bored under the guidance of a veteran professor of military sketching; you see them more at home on hired hacks, galloping over the heath to join the hounds at cub-hunting, and without misgivings as to being taken for the quarry.

What is most surprising to meet in Camberley is a little French boy, quite at home and able to chaff the Camberley boys into fits, if only they will not throw stones. He carries strings of onions on a stick and goes perseveringly from house to house, "Buy 'ny ognions cheap!" He, too, comes from Southampton, where whole families land from France with shiploads of onions, and make their way, trafficking as they go, and spread themselves among the Surrey villages. When their onions are sold they go back to their farms and grow some more. Such, at least, is the account that the villagers give, and the bright-eyed, dark-faced little chap is not very communicative. He owns to Brittany, indeed, "from St. Malo, oui, oui," but after every reply it is always impatiently, "Mais voulez vous des ognons, monsieur?"

Beyond Camberley we come to Blackwater, and cross the river by a bridge, "where you can stand in three counties at once," say the villagers. And from that point the road follows a line of country marvellously wild and broken, with wide views here and there over a vast extent of country. It is dreary at places, but at others full of charm. Eversley lies over the hill, and Bramshill Park, a famous old mansion. But villages are sparse and few along our line of road, which leaves the wilderness at Hartford Bridge, and comes into a softer, more settled country. Then there is Hook, with an ancient inn, the "Raven," dated 1653, and Natelyscures, with a tiny Norman church. A short detour to the right brings us to Old Basing, with its mighty earthworks—a huge circular entrenchment still perfect in contour, while the castle of the Paulets, that was held four years for the King by the stout Marquis, in the Civil War, has left hardly a vestige behind—and then comes Basingstoke, a busy country town

with a fine church, and on the hill above a curious "chapel of the Holy Ghost," of Henry the Seventh's time. From here the road is over a wide, woldy, rolling country of downs and sheepwalks, with thatched villages here and there, until, in approaching Winchester, all this is changed. The old Royal city is environed by pleasant parks and woods, and its high street is as bright and charming as can be imagined, with the old gate and the massive buildings of the King's house now occupied as barracks. Then there are the quaint and charming Piazza, the market cross, and the passage under the old houses to the cathedral—Walkelyn's cathedral, Wykeham's tomb house, where the bones of Saint Swithin still lie. And don't let us forget Jane Austen and Izaak Walton while we are looking for the tombs of Rufus and the rest.

And there is St. Cross in the way, with its almshouses of noble poverty, where you may claim the ale and manchet of bread that is the due of wayfarers; and so through the sweet, pleasant country to Chandlers Ford, where the soft beauties of the Itchen valley begin to develop, and presently in a beautiful country of woods and pastures, with the shadow of the New Forest behind it, stretches Southampton Water, its silvery channel dotted with white sails and streaked with the smoke of ocean steamers, while beyond, like a cloud on the horizon, lies the beautiful Vectis, the ever green Isle of Wight.

A GREEK PUPPET SHOW.

WHEN we pass in review the progress which has been accomplished in every branch of scientific knowledge since the dawn of the nineteenth century, we are too much inclined to look down with compassion on the generations which have preceded us, and to fancy that the ancient world was ignorant of the exact sciences, or despised them as unworthy of its attention. It seems to us that Greek and Roman society was principally composed of orators and statesmen, of poets and of artists, whose minds, absorbed in the exclusive study of man, were indifferent to the universe which surrounded them, and cared not to enquire into its mysteries. It is true that the nations of antiquity from whom our culture is mostly derived were more given to

metaphysical and political speculations than to researches into the laws which govern the material world, and that when the Greek philosophers did seek to account for the various phenomena of nature, their explanations appear to us childish and fantastic, from their ignorance of laws to the knowledge of which mankind has attained only after long centuries of tedious and painful toil. But even in those days, when all culture which was not purely intellectual was apparently undervalued or despised, there were not wanting engineers and men of science, gifted with active brains and dextrous hands, who, though they could not clearly define the laws which regulate the action of the forces of nature, were well acquainted from experience with many of their practical applications. The wedge, the pulley, the lever, the windlass, the screw, the siphon, and the pump, were well known to the Greeks some centuries before the Christian era; while, in the construction of the ponderous machines destined to hurl stones or darts for the attack or the defence of a beleaguered city, they showed a thorough knowledge of the principles of mechanics, and a remarkable capacity for finding the solution of the various problems which they encountered. That they could also condescend to more trivial matters, and apply their skill to the planning of ingenious toys for the amusement of the public, we may learn from the works of Heron of Alexandria.

This celebrated mathematician, who lived in the second century before Christ, is still principally remembered by two of his many inventions—namely, the fountain which acts by compressed air, and the aeropile, a metal sphere suspended on pivots over a lamp, and partly filled with water, the steam from which, issuing from two tubes turned in contrary directions, causes it to revolve rapidly on its axis. In his book entitled "*Πνευματικά*" he exposes very fully all that was known in his time with regard to the equilibrium and movement of fluids, and the elasticity of air under the influence of heat and pressure. We find there the first idea of the automatic machines to be seen at the present day in every railway station; for he shows how to construct a vase which, on the insertion of a piece of five drachmas into a slot, would pour out a certain quantity of lustral water to the worshippers in a temple. He describes also, under the name of "the siphons employed at a conflagra-

tion," a fire-engine fully as efficacious as those which were in use so late as the end of the seventeenth century.

Heron is less known as a constructor of automata, though his treatise on the subject is highly interesting, as it reveals to us the simple methods employed by the ancients for producing motive power in the absence of the many resources furnished by modern science. The work was translated into Italian by Bernardino Baldi, of Urbino, in 1569, and into Latin by Couture, in 1693; but it remained practically inaccessible to the majority of students till the appearance of the erudite commentary presented to the French Academy in 1884 by M. Victor Prou, whose translation and notes have been of great assistance in preparing this article.

Heron divides his automata into two classes: the *Υπόροιστρα* and the *Στατήρ αὐτόματα*—those, namely, which acted on a moveable stage, which advanced automatically to a given point, and retreated when the performance was ended, and those which represented in a stationary theatre a play divided into acts by changes of scene.

As an example of the former class, Heron describes the apotheosis of Bacchus, which was apparently shown on the occasion of some festival on the stage of a theatre or in the centre of a circus. A basement in the form of an oblong chest, mounted on three wheels, supported a pedestal ornamented with pilasters and a cornice; on the top stood a circular temple crowned with a dome, upheld by six columns, and surmounted by a winged Victory carrying a wreath. Within was a statue of Bacchus bearing the thyrsis and a cup. A panther lay stretched at his feet; in front of the temple and in its rear were two altars laden with fire-wood, and beside each column stood a Bacchant. This edifice was placed at a certain part of the stage; it then rolled forward some distance automatically, and stopped in presence of the public. The wood on the altar in front of Bacchus immediately took fire, a jet of milk sprang from the thyrsis, and wine flowed from the cup held by the god. At the same moment garlands of flowers appeared on the sides of the pedestal, a sound of tambourines and cymbals was heard, and the Bacchantes danced round the temple. When the music ceased, the statues of Bacchus and of Victory faced round, and the second altar took fire in its turn. Milk flowed

again from the thyrsis, and wine from the cup; the instruments resounded, and the Bacchantes repeated their dance. The machine then rolled back to its former station.

Heron describes minutely the construction of this chariot and the mechanism of its automata. He recommends that the basement and pedestal should be of such small dimensions that there may be no grounds for suspecting that the figures are moved by a person concealed inside. The lightest materials should be employed, all the parts should be accurately finished in the lathe, and the metal pivots and sockets kept well oiled. To ensure that the chariot should follow a given direction, he advises laying down boards, on which furrows, for the wheels to roll in, should be formed by nailing down wooden bars; and Heron may thus claim to have invented the tramway, as he was also the first to demonstrate the motive power of steam.

To move the machine and the puppets it carried, the pedestal on which they stood contained a hopper, filled with millet or mustard seed, the grains of which, Heron remarks, are light and slippery. As they poured out through a small orifice, which an attendant opened by pulling a string when the time came for beginning the performance, a heavy leaden weight resting upon them descended slowly, and a cord passing from it over a pulley to a drum fixed upon the axle of the two larger wheels caused them to revolve, and carried the chariot forward. It was brought back to its place, when the show was over, by another cord, wound round the drum in a contrary sense, which reversed the action of the wheels. Other cords of different lengths attached to the weight, and pulled by it as it descended, moved the pivots on which turned the statues of Bacchus and Victory, as well as a flat ring revolving round the base of the temple, which carried the Bacchantes, and was moved by cords hidden in a groove on its inner sides.

The action of the weight also opened and shut the valves which allowed milk and wine to flow from reservoirs placed in the cupola of the temple, through pipes passing down one of the columns to the cup and thyrsis held by Bacchus. The altars were made of metal, and within them burned a lamp; its flame lighted the pile of chips and shavings through an orifice closed by a bronze plate, which was pulled aside at the proper moment. The garlands which appeared suddenly on the four sides of the

pedestal had lain concealed in the cornice, where they were supported by trap-doors held by a pin. When this was withdrawn the doors gave way, and the garlands, weighted with lead, fell into their places. The rattling of tambourines, and the clashing of cymbals, which accompanied the dance of the Bacchantes, were imitated by leaden balls falling upon a drum, and rebounding from it upon brazen plates. The cords which produced these movements were fixed to the various parts of the machinery by means of loops passing over pegs, which became detached, and fell off when the action of the puppets was to cease. It was, therefore, necessary to rearrange the cords after each performance, a tedious operation, but clockwork moved by a spring was still unknown.

To the automata just described, Heron preferred those which acted in a stationary theatre, as they allowed the choice of a greater variety of subjects. He proceeds, therefore, to describe a little tragedy in five acts which represented the legend of Nauplius; Philo of Byzantium, a contemporary engineer, had invented its mechanism, and Heron justly claimed to have much perfected and simplified it.

The adventures of Nauplius, King of Eubœa, and of his son Palamedes, were related in the poems known as the Epic Cycle, of which only a few fragments remain; but we know from later writers that Agias of Troezen, in the "Nostoi," and Stasinus of Cyprus, in the "Cypria," have sung the treacherous murder of the son, and the vengeance of the father upon the Greeks returning from the siege of Troy. In these poems Palamedes seems to have been represented as another Prometheus, a master of all the sciences and a benefactor to the human race by his useful inventions. Alone among the Greek chiefs he had led no soldiers to Troy, but his universal knowledge enabled him to render important services to the army of the Greeks, and in the legends which have come down to us, he is opposed to Ulysses as the type of a nobler kind of intellect, strongly contrasted with the selfish cunning of his enemy, to whose treachery he fell a victim. Palamedes was said to have discovered that the madness, under pretence of which the King of Ithaca sought to escape from the obligation of following the Atreidæ to Troy, was merely feigned, and during the siege he provoked still more his animosity by deriding his want of courage. A false

accusation of treason to the Greeks was brought against him by Ulysses, and the adroitly concocted proofs which supported it made it appear that he corresponded with Priam, and was on the point of betraying the Greek army to the Trojans. Achilles and Ajax of Locri, the friends of Palamedes, were absent at the time, and he was stoned to death by the Greeks, uttering no lamentations over his fate, but merely saying, "I pity thee, O Truth! for thou hast perished before me."

When, after the fall of Troy, the confederated chiefs were returning to their homes, the Greek fleet was assailed off the Island of Eubœa, near Cape Caphareum, by a violent tempest raised by the anger of the gods who were irritated by the pillage and destruction of their temples, and Athene hurled a thunderbolt on Ajax, son of Oileus, to avenge the desecration of her shrine, whence he had dragged the priestess Cassandra. Nauplius seized the opportunity to destroy the murderers of his son. He displayed a torch at the most dangerous part of the rocky coast; the Greeks steered their vessels towards it; and most of them were wrecked and many warriors perished.

Such was the tale which Philo of Byzantium had chosen to represent by means of automata, and Heron did not consider it beneath the dignity of a man of science to take up the work after him, and seek to execute the movements of the puppets by more simple and efficacious methods.

The little theatre—which he calls *πίναξ*, a tablet or picture—stood upon a short column; it was ornamented with a pediment like a temple, and was closed by folding-doors instead of a curtain. These swung open of themselves, and displayed a view of the seashore, with groups of workmen busily engaged in constructing ships. Some were sawing, others hammering; others handled the auger or the hatchet, and Heron assures us that their tools made a noise like those of real workmen. After a few minutes the doors closed, and when they opened again the scene showed another part of the coast, with the Greeks dragging their vessels into the sea. At the beginning of the third act there appeared merely the sky and the sea, over which the Greek fleet presently came sailing in battle array, while dolphins bounded alongside, springing out of the waves. Then the sea became rough and stormy, and the Greek ships, formed in line, ran swiftly before the wind. The fourth act

showed the coast of Eutœa, and Nauplius was seen brandishing his torch, while Athene advanced and stood beside him to show that he acted as minister of her vengeance. The doors opened for the fifth and last time on a view of the wreck of the Greek ships on the rocks of Cape Caphareum, and Ajax was seen struggling through the waves towards a temple which crowned the promontory. Athene appeared again, a peal of thunder was heard, a flash of lightning struck Ajax, who disappeared, and the tragedy came an end.

The theatre in which these puppets were shown must have presented a certain resemblance to the well-known pictures with cardboard figures moved by clock-work, but differed from them by the changes of scene and the doors opening and closing automatically, which divided the performance into acts. The mechanism was exceedingly simple and ingenious. The moving force was a heavy weight sliding in a hopper filled with sand. The Greek shipwrights who appeared in the first act were painted on the scene at the back of the theatre, their arms bearing the tools being alone moveable; the pivots on which they were fixed passed through the picture and carried on the other side a lever which rose and fell by the action of a toothed wheel and a counterweight. The scenes representing the sea, the coast, and the shipwreck, were painted on thin linen, and kept rolled up out of sight in the upper part of the theatre, where they were held by a peg; and when this was withdrawn by the action of the weight they fell into their place. The views of the ships sailing past in good order as a fleet, and then driven by the gale, were painted on a long band of paper, which was drawn across the stage between two rollers hidden on each side of the proscenium. The dolphins were mounted on a drum fixed beneath the stage, and, as it turned, they rose and fell through a slit in the flooring. The device of a lamp hidden in a metal box, which was employed to light the altars in the apotheosis of Bacchus, was again adopted to produce the flame which lit up the stage, and was supposed to proceed from the torch held by Nauplius. A thin slip of wood painted and gilt represented the thunderbolt which struck Ajax; it was weighted with lead and slid along two tightly stretched cords, painted black so as to be invisible. At the same instant, another scene painted like the sea was let down suddenly, and hid Ajax from sight,

whilst the thunder was imitated by the falling of leaden balls upon a drum. The folding-doors which served as a curtain and hid the changes of scene, were opened and shut by a very ingenious contrivance. The pivots upon which they turned descended into a chamber placed beneath the stage. There they were connected by cords wound round them with a horizontal shaft, which, by making at given intervals a half-turn backwards or forwards, pulled the doors to and fro. To produce this oscillating movement the shaft carried on opposite sides two rows of pegs, to which a cord connected with the weight was attached by loops, in a zig-zag pattern, and as the weight descended, it pulled alternately one side or the other, after a lapse of time regulated by the length of cord allowed to hang loose between the pegs.

Though Heron does not state the fact, it is probable that, during the performance, the action of the puppets was accompanied and interpreted by the recital of the poem on which the little drama was founded. For pantomimic scenes were usually danced not only to the sound of the flute, but to that of a chorus which sang the legend acted by the mime. It is also probable that many other episodes, either from Homer or from the Cyclic poets who sang the adventures of the Greek heroes subsequently to the siege of Troy, were exhibited to the people in a similar fashion, for Heron concludes his treatise by remarking that all theatres of automata are constructed and worked on the same system, though they differ from each other according to the subject of the play represented.

"WHAT WILL MRS. GRUNDY SAY?"

THIS, probably, is the most widely-spread of all popular quotations. For almost a century it has been current in English society and literature. And not only that. "Mrs. Grundy" has gradually become a personification of all that is most respectable and law-abiding in our social order. She has been elevated into a sort of fetish—a goddess whose behests must be attended to under penalty of ostracism—a species of modern "She-who-must-be-obeyed."

"Mrs. Grundy," in fact, is the embodiment of the national instinct for propriety—an instinct which cannot readily or safely be ignored or violated.

How comes it that this name, of all names, has been bestowed upon the great arbiter of morals and manners? Why "Mrs. Grundy," any more than "Mrs. Brown" or "Mrs. Robinson"?

The story is a curious one; and, in order to tell it, we must go back in thought to the year 1800, when a play by Thomas Morton, called "Speed the Plough," was produced successfully at Covent Garden. The work was of no great literary or dramatic merit. The main features of the plot are absurdly melodramatic, and some of the language is exceedingly high-flown. The piece, however, is happy in some of its comic characters. Very little interest attaches to the woes and loves of Henry Blandford, who is hated and persecuted by his uncle, Sir Philip, because his father did that uncle wrong; but, on the other hand, Sir Abel Handy, the foolish "inventor," and his conceited son, Bob, are diverting people; and Farmer Ashfield and his wife, who befriend the unlucky Henry, are not only entertaining, but very true to nature.

It is to Dame Ashfield that we owe the famous and familiar query—"What will Mrs. Grundy say?" Mrs. Grundy, in the play, is the wife of Farmer Grundy, and a neighbour of the Ashfields. She has no part in the action of the piece, but figures constantly in the conversation of Dame Ashfield. The truth is, the latter lady is jealous of Dame Grundy. The two are rivals, apparently—socially and in business. The very first thing we hear of Mrs. Grundy is that, in Dame Ashfield's opinion, her butter is "quite the crack of the market." When the curtain rises, Dame Ashfield comes in from the town, and tells her husband that "Farmer Grundy's wheat brought five shillings a quarter more than ours did." Then follows the reference to the 'other Dame's butter; and it becomes clear that Mrs. Grundy is a favourite subject of talk with Mrs. Ashfield.

"Be quiet, wool ye?" cries old Ashfield; "aleways ding dinging Dame Grundy into my ears. 'What will Mrs. Grundy say?' 'What will Mrs. Grundy think?' Can't thee be quiet, let her alone, and behave thyself pratty?"

"Certainly I can," says the Dame. "I'll tell thee, Tummus, what she said at church last Sunday."

"Canst thee tell what parson said? Noa! Then I'll tell thee. A' said that enny were as foul a weed as grows, and

cankers all wholesome plants that come near it—that's what a' said."

"And do you think I envy Mrs. Grundy, indeed?" says the Dame.

"Why dan't lettan her alone, then? I do verily think, when thee goest to t'other world, the vurst question thee't ax 'll be if Mrs. Grundy's there. Zoa be quiet, and behave pratty, doo'e."

But the Dame cannot be quiet. No sooner is this rebuke out of her husband's mouth than she begins to tell him how she has met a procession of coaches and servants belonging to Sir Abel Handy, and how a "handsome young man, dressed all in lace, pulled off his hat to me, and said: 'Mrs. Ashfield, do me the honour of presenting that letter to your husband.' So there he stood without his hat. Oh, Tummus, had you seen how Mrs. Grundy looked!"

"Dom Mrs. Grundy!" cries the irate farmer; "be quiet, and let I read, wool ye?"

The letter is from his daughter Susan, and mentions that Sir Abel Handy has just been married to Nelly, a former servant of the Ashfields. At once Dame Ashfield recurs to her dominant idea.

"Our Nelly married to a great Baronet! I wonder, Tummus, what Mrs. Grundy will say?"

So, again, when Evergreen, the gardener, enters, and says, "Have you heard the news?" "Anything about Mrs. Grundy?" asks the irrepressible lady. No; the news is about Sir Philip Blandford, Henry's uncle; and that leads to a reference to Henry himself—Henry, who, at this point, knows nothing of his parentage—"Poor Henry," as Evergreen calls him.

Then Evergreen is invited into the farmhouse, Dame Ashfield offering him a mug of harvest beer, and promising to tell him "such a story of Mrs. Grundy!"

After that the allusions to Dame Grundy are not quite so numerous, though numerous enough. Again and again we are allowed to see that she is never wholly out of her neighbour's thoughts. What Mrs. Grundy may think of Mrs. Ashfield we are not permitted to know, but to Mrs. Ashfield Mrs. Grundy is evidently an object of unceasing concern.

When Bob Handy comes across Dame Ashfield as she is making lace, and asks her whether that occupation is "a common employment here," she replies:

"Oh, no, sir; nobody can make it in these parts but myself. Mrs. Grundy,

indeed, pretends; but, poor woman, she knows no more of it than you do."

Later on, the Ashfields become aware that Susan is in correspondence with Bob Handy, and are uneasy at the thought of her being the object of that young buck's attentions.

"I don't like it a bit," says the farmer.

"Nor I," adds his wife. "If shame should come to the poor child—I say, Tummus, what would Mrs. Grundy say then?"

"Dom Mrs. Grundy! What would my poor wold heart say?"

However, Dame Ashfield is a good soul, after all. When she and her husband espouse the cause of Henry against his uncle, their landlord, the latter threatens to distrain for rent, and, for the time, they have before them the prospect of poverty. Rather, however, than throw Henry over, they are prepared to make the necessary sacrifices, and the Dame is willing even to sell her three silk gowns.

"I'll go to church in a stuff one," she says, "and let Mrs. Grundy turn up her nose as much as she pleases."

And, in so saying, she furnishes Henry with the most decisive proof of her favour and friendship.

The good lady has her reward. The play closes with the certainty of her being able to triumph over Mrs. Grundy in the most crushing and convincing fashion. Bob Handy's intentions, it seems, are honourable. He relinquishes the opportunity of marrying the heiress, Miss Blandford—who falls to the lot of her cousin Henry—and determines to wed Susan Ashfield, whom he truly loves.

"Drabbit," says old Ashfield, "I shall walk in the road all day to zee Sue ride by in her own coach."

"You must ride with me, father," says Susan.

"I say, Tummus," observes the Dame, "what will Mrs. Grundy say then?"

In a subsequent scene, where Susan goes out with Sir Abel and his son, the old farmer cries:

"Bless her, how nicely she do trip it away with the gentry."

"And then, Tummus," says the Dame, "think of the wedding."

Ashfield (reflecting): "I declare I shall be just the same ever. Maybe I may buy a smartish bridle, or a silver backstopper, or the like o' that."

The Dame (apart): "And then, when we come out of church, Mrs. Grundy will be standing about there."

Ashfield (apart): "I shall shake hands agreeably wi' all my friends."

The Dame (apart): "Then I just look at her in this manner."

Ashfield (apart): "How dost do, Peter? Ah, Dick! glad to zee thee, wi' all my zoul!" (Bows to the centre of the stage.)

The Dame (apart): "Then, with a kind of half curtsy, I shall——"

At this point the two come into collision, and the farmer cries:

"What an wold fool thee bee'st, Dame! Come along, and behave pratty, doo'e."

Obviously the play must have made a distinct impression both at its first performance and subsequently. Not otherwise can we account for the extraordinary vogue of the sentence which heads this article. That sentence, practically, is all that remains of the play. Though the piece ran for forty nights on its original production, and though it was afterwards revived with Mathews and Elliston, Munden and Dowton, successively in principal parts, it has gradually faded out of the theatrical repertory, and is now no more seen. Yet a single passage in it has penetrated wherever the English language is spoken, and a figment of the author's brain has been accepted at last as typifying the Spirit of British decorum.

Something of this may be owing to the excellence of the original interpretation of Dame Ashfield. This was supplied by Mrs. Davenport, an actress of high rank in her day. Her impersonation may have struck our grandfathers and grandmothers as so delightful that they could not but repeat to themselves and to one another, in their houses and elsewhere, the query, "What will Mrs. Grundy say?" which she had made so humorously effective, and which consequently has been handed down to the third generation. Or it may simply be that the audiences of 1800 were profoundly impressed by the Dame's truth to life—by the admirable naïveté of her allusions and references to her rival. Anxiety about the thoughts and opinions of one's neighbours was never, perhaps, more happily portrayed than in the person of this quaint outcome of Thomas Morton's fancy.

MISS GARTH.

A STORY IN FIVE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

"AND you must bring your delightful Italian bandit with you! I positively in-

sist upon it, Jocelyn. The idea of crouching round the hall fire in the dark, and telling ghost stories just because it is New Year's Eve is positively ridiculous. Why should you all go to bed ready to scream with nervousness simply because it is the last day of the year? It is perfect nonsense! You must have a scrimmage at our place instead."

It was Lady Ellis who spoke, as she said good-bye to Jocelyn in the faint dark dawn of the winter's morning. Jocelyn had just refused her invitation to spend New Year's Eve at Graystone Manor, alleging a previous engagement to ghosts as her reason.

"It is really very good of you, Lady Ellis," she said, "but I do so like to have my blood curdled once a year, and—"

"I won't hear another word! We will dance the new year in instead of telling horrid stories of stupid people dressed in white. Your burglar—Lady Carstairs insists he is a burglar—waltzes divinely, and I shall not forgive you if you do not bring him!"

Jocelyn was standing in the great hall saying good-bye to various guests during this speech, and she only gave a little smile that might mean anything. She had told Godfrey Wharton that she meant to be merry that night, and she had kept her word. Flushed and brilliant and beautiful, she had danced till the wintry dawn gleamed faintly in the leaden sky—danced with a gaiety and recklessness that terrified Godfrey, even while it enchanted him. Never to the end of his life did he forget that night. The slender white figure, light as a feather, whirling round the room with feet that seemed winged and that never felt fatigue. When she was dancing with him he tried to get her to stop, to rest, but she only said, without looking at him:

"Don't speak to me—don't look at me! I must not stop. Don't you see that I must keep going?"

Dalgarno was almost the only man who did not dance with Jocelyn Garth that night. He never went near her; only watched her from afar with a little evil smile playing round his handsome lips. He had his victim so completely in his toils that he could afford to loosen the cords that bound her a little now and then.

"So it is all settled," was Lady Ellis's last remark to Jocelyn as she kissed her in

the great hall; "we will dance the new year in, and I will lend you all the carts and horses I possess to take you back to Boraston Hall again. We will send the servants to bed and have a regular lark. I have quite fallen in love with Mr. Dalgarno."

Jocelyn sank into a chair by the blazing fire when she had said good-bye to the last guest, and stretched out her hands to the ruddy flames. The house-party, in various stages of excitement or limpness, stood about yawning.

"Five o'clock," said Lady Carstairs, who had been longing to hide her bismuth complexion in bed for the last four hours. "My dear Jocelyn, we really must try and get a little sleep; and we are to go to that dear, energetic, Lady Ellis to-morrow, too! Good gracious, how worn out I shall be! Come, girls, get off to bed, if you want to have any complexions left at all."

She went up the stairs at the head of a procession of more or less battered damsels, whose elaborate dresses had been ruthlessly torn by clumsy masculine feet.

Jocelyn remained for a moment absently looking into the fire. She was thinking that to-day was the last day of the old year. What would the new one bring her?

"Are you cold?" asked Dalgarno suddenly, coming up to her, and speaking for the first time that evening.

"No," she answered, without looking at him.

"I thought you were, as you got so close to the fire. But you have colour enough for anything. You danced them all down, Miss Garth. I never saw such spirit."

He spoke in a low voice, looking at her steadily all the time. The colour suddenly left her cheeks and she became very white.

"Do let me advise you to get some rest while you can, Miss Garth," said Godfrey Wharton, coming forward with a glass of wine in his hand. "You look quite worn out."

She drank the wine obediently, and held out her hand in silence to say good-night. Dalgarno held out his too, but she did not even look towards him, and went up the stairs with the heavy, dragging step of one who is suddenly fatigued to the verge of exhaustion.

The two men watched the slim white figure till it disappeared.

"Miss Garth seems a little absent-minded to-night," said Dalgarno, with a half-laugh, looking at Godfrey Wharton. "I wonder why she remembered to shake hands with you and not with me?"

"You had better ask Miss Garth herself if you really wish to know."

"Yes, I think that is a good plan," said Dalgarno mockingly. "I will ask her to-morrow night at Lady Ellis's party, and you shall hear what she says."

"Thank you very much. But I cannot say I take any interest in the answer."

"No? I should have thought you would have, now. A little bird whispered to me that you took the deepest interest in Miss Garth's lightest word."

Godfrey surveyed Dalgarno with disdainful eyes.

"I am not in the habit of discussing my lady friends with a man who is too intoxicated to know what he is saying," he remarked icily.

"What the deuce do you mean? I am no more drunk than you are," cried Dalgarno angrily.

"I must apologise then. I fancied you were in your normal condition. Oblige me by leaving Miss Garth's name out of your conversation in the future. If you are not drunk, there is all the less excuse for you."

He, too, mounted the stairs which Jocelyn had ascended a few minutes ago, and Dalgarno was left alone in the great hall. He stretched his arm above his head with a short, triumphant laugh.

"He is in love with her himself," he said, "and she is mine—mine by the laws of God and man. I have got the whip hand of him there! But let him look to himself in time to come."

The breakfast-table was not patronised at an early hour. Most of the ladies preferred a dainty repast in the seclusion of their own rooms, and the men were in no hurry to leave their well-earned slumbers. Jocelyn was the first to make her appearance.

All the brilliance of despair had died away from her face and eyes. She was no longer defiant, reckless, merry. She looked worn and white, and there were dark marks like bruises under her eyes. She knew that this was her last day of freedom. To-morrow the sword must fall.

But she was as attentive as usual to her guests, and very active in making her arrangements for the evening festivities.

It was no easy matter to drive over twenty guests to Graystone Manor, which was nearly six miles off.

"The brougham and the family coach will hold at least a dozen," said Lady Carstairs, when she at last made her appearance, languid, and yawning, and exceedingly cross. "Then the dog-cart can take four, and I don't see why the Dagloni man can't walk."

"It is raining, aunt," said Jocelyn, with a glance out at the streaming skies and muddy road.

"Oh, is it? Well, I suppose you will have to hire frys, then. Don't put the Dagloni man anywhere near me, Jocelyn. I prefer a dog-cart and a flood to being within a mile of him."

"I think you will find I have arranged everything comfortably," said Jocelyn, with a faint trace of weariness in her tone. "You and the girls and Miss Carrington will have the brougham, and some of the men can go in the family coach. A couple of cabs will bring the other people, no doubt."

"It is a breakneck road from here to the Manor," said Lady Carstairs discontentedly, "and if it is a dark night James will drive us into the Black Pond, I have no doubt. I hope he won't be tipsy."

"I will answer for James's sobriety."

"I wish we were all going to stay at home. It would be much more sensible in my opinion. It is all very well for you young people, I have no doubt; but there is nothing for me to do but eat, and midnight suppers ruin one's digestion and temper."

But when the party set off in their brougham, and their family coach, and their cabs, the fun began again, and Lady Carstairs recovered her good humour. The night was wet and intensely dark, but the brougham was comfortable enough, and the six miles' drive gave her time to get a little nap.

Lady Ellis greeted them with effusion. "You dear good child," she said to Jocelyn, "you are so late that I was half afraid your ghosts had run off with you in revenge for your not having kept your promise to them. We are going to do all sorts of wild things to-night, Lady Carstairs," turning to the Dowager with a pretty little smile. "Lord Ellis declares he wants hide-and-seek and blindman's buff."

Lady Carstairs smiled indulgently.

"So long as you leave me in peace and

plenty," she responded, "you may do what you like."

"And we are to have a wishing circle at twelve o'clock," went on Lady Ellis, "and everything we wish for will come true. I am going to pray for a diamond tiara that I saw in Bond Street the other day, and that Ralph wouldn't buy me."

Lord Ellis, a burly, red-faced, good-humoured man, listened with a smile to his wife's prattle. He struck one as a little heavy for blindman's buff, and too big for hide-and-seek. But in the meantime the music had struck up, and already several couples were whirling round the room.

Lord Ellis offered Jocelyn his arm, and escorted her to a seat.

"I must find you a partner," he said. "My wife has warned me that I am not to dance myself. This room is over the dining-hall, and she says I should go through on to the supper-table."

Dalgarno suddenly appeared at his elbow, and Lord Ellis moved away.

"May I have the pleasure of this dance, Miss Garth?" he asked formally, standing before her.

She looked up at him with denial in her eyes.

"I am not dancing to-night," she answered coldly.

"Why not?"

"I am tired."

He paused for a moment. Then he seated himself by her.

"If you do not mean to dance this evening, neither do I. We will talk to each other instead."

She rose, with a sudden intense gesture of repulsion.

"Anything but that," she murmured bitterly, laying her hand on the arm he offered her.

"You would dance yourself to death rather than be obliged to talk to me for a couple of hours, I know," he answered with a sneer. "Unfortunately I am not Mr. Godfrey Wharton, you see."

He slipped his arm round her slender waist before she had time to reply, and whirled her in among the dancers. It was the first time she had ever waltzed with him.

She felt faint, and weak, and dizzy. Nights of sleeplessness had brought her nerves to a state of tension that the least sound intensified. The music was too loud; the dresses too gay; the scent of the flowers too oppressive. She felt now and then as though she were in the clutch of some terrible nightmare, and she closed

her eyes. But when she opened them it was to find that she was still in Dalgarno's arms; still whirling giddily round the room.

"Are you tired?" he asked her every now and then.

"No," she answered each time, and they danced on in silence. Dalgarno's strong arm clasped her with a firm, easy touch. Lady Ellis was right when she had said that he knew how to waltz.

The music stopped at last, and Jocelyn, almost stupefied, dropped into a seat. Dalgarno stood by, fanning her with an air of proprietorship.

"You had better come into the conservatory," he remarked after a pause. "It is cooler there."

She rose obediently. She seemed to have no will of her own left now; only a dull compliance with the wishes of the inevitable in the shape of Dalgarno. He laughed a little as they sat down together.

"Well, it wasn't so bad after all, was it?" he said. "Our steps suit fairly well, I think."

She did not reply and he went on:

"I can see it has been a little too much for you. I am not going to ask you again to-night. You shall have a last fling if you like, Jocelyn."

He laughed a little again as he said this, and then went on:

"That young Wharton is as great a fool about you as a man can be! But I'm not jealous. You are one of those women whom one can trust, Jocelyn, and I'm not going to spoil sport as long as you keep within bounds."

He rose and strolled away as he spoke, leaving her sitting there white and exhausted. She had not spoken to him during the dance. She did not speak now.

At midnight the wishing circle was formed, and a large ring of laughing people clasped hands round the big bunch of mistletoe that dangled from the ball-room ceiling. Jocelyn took her place as in a dream. She was conscious as she crossed her hands that Godfrey Wharton had possession of her left one. It was only when a hush and silence had fallen on all, when the first silvery strokes of the clocks were chiming on the midnight air, that she found that Dalgarno was at her other side.

The irony of fate! That while her lover, her friend, held one hand in his warm, kind clasp, the other should be possessed by the husband whom she hated!

"The New Year has come!" muttered Dalgarno, stooping low to whisper the words in her ear. "The New Year that we are to spend together, Jocelyn—you and I, and Aveline!"

Godfrey Wharton dropped Miss Garth's hand, and walked away pale to the lips. He also had heard those words.

And now the party became rather riotous. Dancing was abandoned, and childish games were played by grown-up people with all the zest of gayest infancy. Dalgarno was at his merriest. There was a suspicion of too much champagne about him, but he had only drunk enough to make him insolent. Lady Ellis drew in her horns a little. She confided to Jocelyn that the fascinating bandit had rather too Italian manners.

Jocelyn, who was sitting apart, looking white and tired, made no reply, but Lady Carstairs answered for her.

"Italian manners! I believe he came out of a circus or some place of that kind. I expect to see him jump over the tables and chairs in a minute. He is perfectly incomprehensible, and so is Jocelyn. How she ever allowed——"

"Please don't begin again, Aunt Grace. The house-party will be over to-morrow, and then you can say what you like."

Lady Carstairs shrugged her shoulders, but said no more, and soon after the New Year party broke up. Lady Ellis insisted upon Jocelyn driving home in her own pet carriage, which only held two.

"I know that you were crushed to death coming," she said; "and you are as tired as can be. Lady Carstairs——"

But Lady Carstairs was already in the brougham, and the other vehicles had lumbered off into the darkness. Jocelyn and Godfrey Wharton and Dalgarno were left together.

They looked at each other.

"Really this is very awkward," said Lady Ellis. "I think, Mr. Dalgarno, you had better try and find a place in the brougham."

Dalgarno laughed, and showed his white teeth.

"And leave Miss Garth and Mr. Wharton to a pleasant tête-à-tête. No thank you!"

Godfrey made a step forward. His eyes flashed. Jocelyn laid a hand on his arm.

"Give way!" she murmured, "or there will be worse to come!"

"I have obeyed you long enough," he answered in a low voice. "I will not leave you alone with that drunken brute."

"If you two are going to quarrel over poor Miss Garth," said Lady Ellis, coming to the rescue with great tact, "I shall insist on her driving off alone and making you both walk home."

"I am going to drive. Wharton can do as he likes," said Dalgarno determinedly.

He tried to force his way in by Jocelyn's side.

Lord Ellis came forward and shut the carriage door quietly.

"Drive on!" he said to the man; and the little carriage disappeared into the darkness, bearing with it only Jocelyn Garth.

Lord Ellis turned to Dalgarno.

"It is no longer raining," he observed, "and the night is quite warm. I dare say you and Mr. Wharton can find your way home together. I am sorry I cannot offer you——"

Dalgarno broke into an oath.

"How dare you come between me and my wife?" he cried with drunken fury.

"Yes—my wife I say! All the world will know of it to-morrow."

"All the world will know that you are either mad or drunk," said Lord Ellis, looking at him.

Dalgarno's handsome features were inflamed with passion.

"Ah! you think so, do you? Well, I can wait! But as for walking home with that fellow," pointing to Godfrey Wharton, "I'll——"

"I have no desire to force my society on you," said Godfrey coldly. "The road to Boraston Hall is straight enough——"

"Straight enough for me to find it without your help," retorted Dalgarno. "I never missed my way in my life, and I am not likely to miss it now. When we meet again you will lower your colours, my fine fellow!"

He stumbled off into the darkness. Godfrey Wharton and Lord Ellis looked at one another.

"Is he drunk or mad?" demanded the latter.

"Both, for aught I know."

"Is it safe to let him go home alone?"

"I don't see how he can miss his way very well. Besides, I shall keep him in sight," said Godfrey Wharton, buttoning his overcoat. "Good night."

"Good night. Keep him in sight at a distance. Such men become dangerous at close quarters."

They parted, and Godfrey Wharton hurried on after Dalgarno. He knew

every inch of the way well. It was a straight road, and it was impossible to miss it—unless, indeed, one turfed down one of the two side-lanes that crossed it at intervals. It was not likely that Dalgarno would do that.

But though Godfrey Wharton was only a few minutes later in starting than Jocelyn Garth's husband, he never came up with him that night.

Dalgarno stumbled heavily on, flushed with wine and anger. To think that they had dared to separate him from his lawful wife! To think that they had imagined that he would for one moment have allowed that wife and Godfrey Wharton to drive home together! He flushed more angrily still as he thought of it.

Presently he heard footsteps behind him. Prison life had sharpened his faculties, and he had the acute sense of hearing that the Red Indian possesses. He knew that it was Godfrey Wharton who was following him, and he had no intention of walking home with Godfrey Wharton.

He stood aside until the footsteps had come closer, passed on, and died away in the darkness and the silence of the night.

Then he walked on himself. He thought of Jocelyn—of the riotous, delightful, uproarious life he meant to live in Boraston Hall; of the money he meant to spend; of the horses he meant to ride.

The fumes of the wine he had drunk mounted still more to his head. The still, warm breath of the night had no power to dissipate them. He became bewildered presently and stood still to recollect himself.

"To the left," he said, half-aloud, "yes, I remember turning to the left."

He turned to the left, down a dark, narrow road.

He had not been walking long when his feet touched a more slippery surface. He paused again. Where was he?

On and on he went, until suddenly the slippery surface gave way—crumbled beneath his very feet. Something cold, and dark, and wet crept up about them. He stood still with the sweat of agony chill upon his forehead.

It was the Black Pond!

He tried to retrace his steps, but the treacherous ice, only partially thawed, gave way at every turn.

The cold, dark, still water crept further up—up to his knees now. His eyes, straining in the pall-like darkness, almost burst from their sockets. Oh, Heaven, for help!

A strangled, agonised cry, hardly human in its shrill anguish, rang upon the silent air. At the same time Dalgarno heard, borne to him on the soft wind, the silvery chimes that welcomed the New Year!

With a stifled cry, with hands cut and bleeding, through catching at the sharp, ragged edges of the ice, he sank lower—lower still! A numbed feeling came over him. In a few minutes he had ceased even to struggle, and the dark waters of the Black Pond closed silently over Jocelyn Garth's husband.

He was brought home, after much search—a ghastly, dripping figure with distorted features, and cut and bleeding hands—and buried in the churchyard where the Garths had been at rest for generations. The funeral took place from Boraston Hall itself.

Dead, Jocelyn Garth acknowledged his rights, as she would never have done of her own free will had he lived. All the world now knew that Adolphe Dalgarno had been her husband.

"I knew he was something very disagreeable the moment I set eyes on him," said Lady Carstairs by way of sympathising with her niece, "but I never thought, Jocelyn, that he was ever anything as bad as that."

But Jocelyn's heart was more tender to him dead than it could ever have been alive. Her mind wandered back to the days when he had first called her wife. She had loved him then—and he had been the father of her child.

Aveline has a dim recollection of a tall, dark, handsome man who came to her one day in her nursery, and promised her all sorts of fairy things if she would come and live with him. But sometimes now she thinks it must have been all a dream, as she looks up into Godfrey Wharton's clear blue eyes, and calls him by the name of "father."

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HOME NOTES

AND
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

HOW TO BUY BEEF.—Every mother or experienced housekeeper should take her young folks with her to market and teach them what and how to buy. Beef is beef, as we all know, but there is a great difference in the quality of various parts of beef, and even in the same parts, which depends on the age and fatness of the animal. When you can make a choice of beef, which I find I can generally do in a market, take that which has a loose grain, with bright red lean and yellowish fat, which is pretty sure to be ox beef. Good cow beef is a little firmer, with a whitish fat, and meat not quite so red. The flesh of poorly fed or old cattle may be known by its dark red colour and hard skinnny fat, with more or less horny gristle running through it. If you press the lean meat with your fingers, and the dent rises up quickly, you may know the meat is from an animal in prime condition; if it rises slowly, or not at all, do not buy, but leave the joint for those who do not know good from inferior meat.

HOW TO MAKE COMMON SOAP.—This is a recipe for which I am often asked, and I think by publishing it I may benefit many of my readers. For making fifty pounds of fat into soap about seven pounds of caustic soda are necessary. Only spring or river water should be used. Some use a ley of the same strength, others commence with a weak ley. First put your fat into the pan, and then add about half your caustic soda to as much water as will cover the fat. As the boiling continues add your ley by degrees. When the whole is transformed into a clear liquid in which neither ley nor fat can be discovered, and the paste no longer drops from your stirring-rod, but slides down in long threads, the process is completed. Pour it into frames, and in a day or two it may be cut up.

INSECTS do not breathe through the nose and mouth. Down the body run two main pipes. These pipes send out branches to right and left like a network, extending to the extremities of the body, even to the ends of the antennæ and to the claws. Each main tube receives the external air through nine or ten spiracles or breathing holes, placed at intervals along the sides of the body. The spiracles are made water-tight and dust-tight by a strong fringe of hair which completely guards the entrance.

DO NOT LET CHILDREN DRINK TEA OR COFFEE.—Mothers are constantly writing to ask me whether they should give their children tea or coffee. My invariable answer is "No," for they excite the nervous system unduly, and, to some extent, injure the digestive process. This fact is becoming more and more admitted by men who study the subject from a scientific standpoint. I know how the habit of tea-drinking begins, mothers drink it themselves and then children wish for it too. At first they are given weak tea, mostly sugar and milk, but this is only a stepping-stone to that which is strong, and thus the habit is acquired. I wish all my readers to realise that milk, water, and many juices of fruits are naturally more pleasing to the juvenile palates, and "not" injurious to their nervous systems. Tea and coffee are both, in mere essence, poisonous. They are, therefore, frequent causes, in adults, of irregular action of the heart, headaches, sleeplessness, and other disorders. Can they possibly do less to the very delicate systems of the young?

EXCELLENT CHILDREN'S MEAT PUDDING.—Make a paste of half a pound of flour, and four ounces of shredded suet, a pinch of salt, and a gill of cold water. Roll out the paste rather larger one way than the other, and half an inch thick; spread on the crust half a pound of raw beef minced fine, pepper and salt, and, if approved, an onion boiled for a minute or two, finely minced. Roll the pudding up neatly and tightly in the form of a bolster, taking care the meat is well kept in. Wet the edges of the crust and press well together. Tie the pudding in a floured cloth and put it in a saucepan with sufficient boiling water to cover it. Boil gently for an hour and a half; serve with gravy in a sauce-boat. This pudding with a little stewed fruit to follow, makes a most nourishing and wholesome dinner for children.

CLEAN YOUR COPPER BOILER THUS:—Get half a pound of potash and put it into a vessel, then pour one quart of boiling water over it. This done, allow it to soak for half an hour. Then get a good hard scrubbing brush and dip it into the potash; rub well round the sides of the boiler, let it soak for a few moments, then scrub again. Be careful not to dip the fingers in the chemical, because it may burn them. After the boiler is thoroughly scrubbed with potash, rinse with plenty of warm water.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

THE QUEEN'S GLOVES.—The Queen has a large hand. She takes seven and a half in gloves. Her fingers are extremely short and out of proportion to the size of her hand. The Queen will wear nothing but black gloves; generally they are of kid, but sometimes she wears suede gloves. These also must be dyed black. Her Majesty commenced to wear one-button gloves at the beginning of her reign. To-day, when every woman with any pretensions to style wears six buttons, the Queen has only got to four. She refuses altogether to conform to fashion. She only wears about two dozen pairs of gloves a year. Each pair costs eight shillings and sixpence; in fact, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and the Empress of India is decidedly economical in her glove bill. There are a great many fashionable women who think nothing of a glove bill if it only comes to £100 a year. Many women will spend £20 on gloves during the six weeks of the season by wearing two or three pairs a day.

A CURIOUS ANÆSTHETIC used in China has recently been made known. It is obtained by placing a frog in a jar of flour and irritating it by prodding. Under these circumstances it exudes a liquid which forms a paste with the flour. This paste, when dissolved in water, has well-marked anæsthetic properties. After the finger has been immersed in the liquid for a few minutes it can be cut to the bone without any pain being felt.

LIGHT IN A SICK ROOM IS VERY NECESSARY.—There is nothing really so depressing to an invalid as a dark room; it is as if the attendants were anticipating the death of the patient; and if the reason of it be asked the answer is as inconsistent as the act. The reason usually offered is that the patient cannot bear the light, as though the light could not be cut off from the patient by a curtain or screen, and as though, to darken one part of the room, it were necessary to darken the whole of it. The real reason is an old superstitious practice, which once prevailed so intensely that the sick, suffering from most terrible diseases—smallpox, for instance—were shut up in darkness, and their beds surrounded with red curtains during their whole illness. A more injurious practice really could not be maintained than that of insisting on darkness in sick rooms. It is not only that dirt and disorder are the results of darkness, but a great remedy—sunlight—is lost, and that loss cannot be replaced.

HOW TO CARE FOR SPONGES.—Nothing in the bathroom should be so carefully looked after as the sponge. That but little consideration is given to it is daily shown in the forlorn and neglected appearance of this very necessary adjunct to cleanliness. Instead of being left to dry in the sponge basket, it is, as a rule, dropped down in some corner and allowed to soak, or given a one-sided chance on the sill outside the room. It is simply useless to expect to keep your sponges in a sweet and wholesome condition so long as they are treated in this manner. In the first place, they must not only be thoroughly washed, but, in order to prevent their becoming foul, each part of the sponge should be exposed to the air. Fastidious women see to it that this toilet article is each week cleansed by dropping it into water in which a large lump of soda has been dissolved, afterwards boiling it for sixty minutes, when it is rinsed in cold water and given a sun bath until entirely dry. Always rinse all soapy suds from your sponge and then throw it into your basket, which should be hung just outside the bathroom window. A sponge cared for in this fashion will never be slimy, sour, or musty.

ANCIENT COMIC PICTURES.—Although they had no comic weekly papers like our own, the people of ancient times enjoyed a joke, and have left us proof of that fact in the relics which have come down to us of some of their artistic productions. Evidently human nature has not changed much in the course of five thousand years. A drawing on a tile in the New York Museum represents a cat dressed as an Egyptian lady of fashion. She is seated languidly in a chair, supping wine out of a small bowl, and being fanned and offered dainties by an abject-looking tom-cat with his tail between his legs. There is in the Museum of Turin a papyrus roll which displays a whole series of such comical scenes. In the first place a lion, a crocodile, and an ape are giving a vocal and instrumental concert. Next comes a donkey, dressed, armed, and sceptred like a Pharaoh; with majestic swagger he receives the gifts presented to him by a cat of high degree, to whom a bull acts as proud conductor. Another picture shows a Pharaoh in the shape of a rat, drawn in a carriage by prancing greyhounds. He is proceeding to storm a fort garrisoned by cats having no weapons but teeth, whereas the rats have battle-axes, shields, and bows and arrows.

HOME NOTES.

TO CLEAN VENETIAN BLINDS.—Follow my instructions and I am sure that you will clean your blinds, or even paint them, each year regularly at the spring cleaning. Let down your blinds, secure the pulling-up cord to its hook at the side, and untie the knots at the bottom of the blind. Slip out the thin laths one by one, but be careful to leave the two cords hanging very straight. In this way remove the whole blind except the thick lath at the very bottom (which is kept in its place by the webbing) and the top of the framework. The former can be removed by taking out the nails at the bottom of the laddering; but this is quite unnecessary, for it can easily be wiped and washed, as also the whole of the framework, without further trouble. The laddering and cords should be wiped with a damp cloth. Put the laths singly on a table and wash them with a soft brush and soap and water. Dry them thoroughly and restore to their places, one by one, re-thread the cord and knot firmly. If you should paint the laths, be careful that they are quite dry before being re-threaded.

STEWED HAKE STEAKS.—Take two nice hake steaks of one inch thickness and trim off all superfluous skin, etc. Put a teacupful of water in a saucepan (large enough to hold the steaks), add three quarter ounces of butter, a little lemon rind, a few sprigs of parsley, and seasoning of pepper and salt. Let this boil for a few moments, put in the fish, stew very gently till done. When cooked on one side, turn the steaks. Take out the fish and keep it hot on a drainer. Strain the sauce and thicken it with butter and flour, add a few chopped capers and lemon juice. Arrange the steaks on a dish, pour the sauce over and garnish with fried parsley. At seaside places, where people get tired of hake cooked in the usual old-fashioned ways, this recipe will prove a great boon.

DOUGH NUTS—The great secret of success in making dough nuts is to have the fat boiling before attempting to cook them. Therefore, always remember fat is not boiling till it gives off a bluish smoke. Here is a good recipe:—Mix into a light dough three cupfuls of flour, one tablespoonful of sugar, a saltspoonful of salt, one ounce of butter, one egg, a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, and two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar. If the egg is not sufficient to moisten the whole, add a little milk. Form into neat balls, drop into boiling fat, fry a light brown, and sprinkle with sugar before serving.

A NEW CURE—A young lady, who was the proud possessor of a pair of dainty feet, was tormented by a corn upon the little toe of the right foot. Chiropodists had dug into it in vain. One day a friend advised anointing the offending corn with phosphorus, which the lady in a weak moment did, but forgot to tell her husband before retiring at night. It had just struck twelve when the husband awoke, and was startled to see something sparkle at the foot of the bed. He had never heard of a firefly in the neighbourhood, nor did he ever remember seeing such a terrible looking object as the toe presented. Reaching carefully out of his bed till he found one of his slippers, he raised it high in the air and brought it down with terrible force upon the mysterious light. A shriek and an avalanche of bed-clothes, and all was over. When at last he released himself from the bed-clothes he discovered his wife groaning in the corner. He had struck the phosphorated toe!

THE "Blue Peter" is a three-cornered flag with a white square in the centre. The word "Peter" is a corruption of the French word "Partir"—to go. The flag is hoisted as a signal to any one in the town to whom any member of the crew owes money, that the ship is about to sail, and thus give them an opportunity of collecting the amounts due; and also to tell any one on shore belonging to the ship to come on board. In the Navy in olden times it was a recognised custom that debts could be paid by the "fore-sheet," that is to say, if any member of the crew could evade his creditor until the fore-sheet was run up, he might content himself that no claim could be made against him for anything which he had purchased at the port from which the ship was about to sail.

JAPAN YOUR OLD TEA-TRAYS by this recipe:—First clean the tray thoroughly with soap and water and a little rottenstone, then dry it by wiping and exposing it to the fire or in the air. Now get some good copal varnish, mix with it some bronze powder, and apply with a brush to the denuded parts. After this set the tray in an oven at a heat of 212 or 300 degrees until the varnish is dry. Two coats should make it equal to new. I have given this recipe to private friends and it was pronounced excellent. If you had complied with my oft-repeated request, and given me your address, you should have had your reply much more quickly.

ALL THE YEAR ROUND.

MEDICATED PRUNES.—I am not at all astonished at your request for, as you term it, "an old-world recipe." If people would only take these simple remedies instead of highly advertised medicines, I am sure it would be far better for them. Here it is, and I trust you will find it as excellent as the one you used before. Take a quarter of an ounce of senna and manna (as obtained from a druggist) and pour on it a pint of boiling water. Cover, and set it by the fire to infuse for an hour. If the vessel in which you prepare it has a spout, stop it up with a roll of soft paper so as to prevent the strength evaporating. When the senna and manna have been an hour by the fire, strain the liquid into a china-lined saucepan and stir in a wineglassful of really good treacle. Add half a pound or more of the best prunes, putting in sufficient to absorb all the liquid whilst stewing. Then cover the vessel tightly, and let the whole simmer for an hour or till all the stones of the prunes are loose. If stewed too long the fruit will taste weak and insipid. When done, place it in a dish to cool and pick out all the stones. These prunes are so good that they may be given to children for their supper.

DOMESTIC WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.—Sixty drops of liquid make a teaspoonful.

Two teaspoonfuls of liquid make one dessert-spoonful.

Two dessert-spoonfuls of liquid or four teaspoonfuls make one tablespoonful.

Four tablespoonfuls of liquid make one wineglassful, or two ounces.

Sixteen tablespoonfuls of liquid make half a pint.

Eight tablespoonfuls of liquid make one gill.

Two wineglassfuls also make a gill.

A heaped quart measure, or four large cupfuls of flour, makes one pound.

A full tablespoonful of flour makes half an ounce.

Ten eggs go to one pound.

One pint, or two large cupfuls, of granulated sugar make one pound.

Two and a half cupfuls of castor sugar make one pound.

One tablespoonful of butter makes one ounce.

One pint of soft butter makes one pound.

One large cupful of butter makes half a pound.

A SIMPLE TONIC that prepares and strengthens the stomach somewhat for its coming work and abuse is a glass of cold water taken upon rising in the morning. One has no idea of the value of this pure

remedy of Nature's own until tried. Its effects are as noticeable as those of powerful drugs. Sensitive stomachs, very delicate constitutions, should begin with hot water, gradually lowering the temperature till cold water is used. It is amazing how robust and able this will make one feel. The usual trouble is, it is tried a few mornings and then omitted and forgotten. To feel in good health and spirits is ample compensation for the perseverance.

FISH IN JELLY.—One pound of salmon, tinned or freshly boiled (a pint of shrimps added to it is an improvement), two hard-boiled eggs, one quart of stock, one tablespoonful of tarragon vinegar, one ounce of gelatine, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a seasoning of red pepper. Place the stock in a basin, add the gelatine, and let them stand for half an hour; then add the vinegar, salt, and pepper. Pour all into a saucepan, and place it on a slow fire. When the gelatine has melted, whip it all briskly till it boils. Draw the saucepan to the side of the fire and let it simmer for twenty minutes. Rub all through a flannel bag or a straining cloth, and let it almost set. Wet a mould well, pour a layer of jelly into it, then a layer of salmon freed from all skin and bone, then place another layer of jelly, then a layer of hard-boiled egg cut in slices. Continue filling till all the ingredients are used up. Melt any jelly that remains and pour over all. When quite set turn out on a dish and garnish with salad. Chopped capers are a great addition if scattered on to the salmon.

EVERY HOUSEHOLD SHOULD CONTAIN A RAG DRAWER, or a shelf in some store-closet set apart for this special purpose. Old linen sheets, after having passed through the turning, darning, and patching stages, should be tightly rolled up and stowed away in the linen drawer, as old rag is often found to be invaluable in cases of sickness. Discarded flannel garments, merino vests, etc., are most useful for all kinds of domestic purposes. It is well to remove all buttons and bands from these before placing them in the drawer. Ancient socks make splendid iron-holders by cutting them into proper shape and covering with a piece of canvas or chintz. Ripped open and roughly tacked together old socks (especially knitted ones) make excellent rubbers for polished floors. Old blankets, when too much worn for any other purpose, should be torn into squares, the edges roughly overcast, and used for scouring cloths.

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